

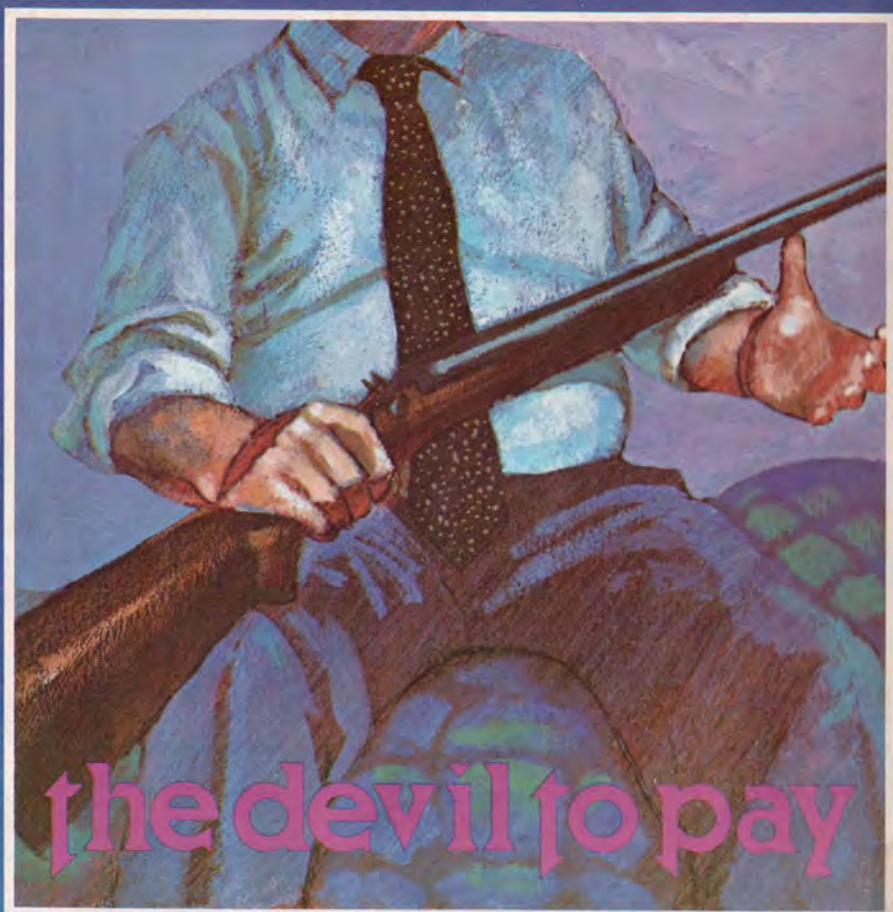
07/08 - 80

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

- ★ THE DEVIL TO PAY
- ★ THE SPICEMAKER
- ★ "SEARCH!"
- ★ A NEW HEART
- ★ WASHINGTON FOR JESUS





I hurried back to my bedroom, locked the door and grabbed my 12-gauge shotgun. I stuck the barrel in my mouth and reached down to pull the trigger.

It seemed the only way out of my troubles. Yet who would have believed it would end this way? How could a "good ol' boy" like Buddy Makepeace fall low enough to take his own life?



WILLIAM "BUDDY" MAKEPEACE
Franklinton, NC

I knew what people would think: "Didn't he come from a good home?" "Didn't he have the best education money could buy?" "He was such a successful businessman. You know he had made millions." "He was a Christian man. I know he attended church faithfully when he was younger. I saw him there every Sunday."

"He had a lovely wife and two children. What more could a man want?" "Maybe his drinking and gambling just drove him over the edge."

Maybe I couldn't even pinpoint exactly what prompted me to want to take my life. I had set goals for myself in accordance with what I thought was expected of me—plus some extras that I thought would

make me happy. Money had come pouring in because of my business ventures, and we had all the things you would expect to make you happy.

One of the things I enjoyed most was gambling, and I became addicted. As I did with everything else, I set about to figure the odds before playing blackjack, my favorite game. As a matter of fact, I wore out two calculators before I ever went to Las Vegas. Its pull on me was so enticing that I began to spend more and more time there. At first I would go about every six months, then every three months, then once a month and finally I was spending as much time there as I was at home.

At first Peggy liked the traveling, the furs, the diamonds, the jets and the Cadillacs. We threw glamorous parties for hundreds of people at a time, and it seemed that the number of our friends was endless.

After awhile, she tired of the life, however, and began to stay home more. I couldn't stay away. My winnings would sometimes be over \$100,000, and I was even barred from three casinos because of my consistent winning.

As my time at the gambling tables increased, so did my smoking and drinking. I was diabetic, and my blood pressure would go to danger-

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**With each roll of the dice
my financial pressures mounted.
I even contemplated murder
so that I could collect
the insurance money.**

ously high levels at times. Nothing could stop my compulsive gambling, however. Not even Peggy's threatening to leave me. It was such an addiction that no reason could alter my ways.

In 1974 the gas crunch began. Gas stations closed on Sunday and then on Saturday as well. My real estate business was conducted mostly on the weekends, and with the oil embargo the bottom fell out of my financial empire. Money tightened and I almost couldn't give away my choice waterfront property.

My answer, of course, was to head for Las Vegas. Just before the oil shortage began I had come home with \$90,500 in winnings. I could do it again. I had never been up against anything I couldn't handle. If one plan didn't work out, then I would come up with something else.

In Vegas things didn't go as well as I had expected. The next trip wasn't any better, and by the end of 1974 I had lost \$124,000! Things weren't much better on the home front. Although I had assets, no one was buying. With a secretary, an office, advertising and other expenses, the bare essentials came to \$6,500 a month.

As the pressures mounted, I became a wreck. In addition to the liquor, five packs of cigarettes a day, and big cigars, I added pills—pills to go to sleep and pills to wake up.

Yet through all of this, I was still a faithful churchgoer and a pillar of

the community. I taught Sunday school and was on the board of deacons at church. I had been in church all my life, but I wouldn't have known Jesus had He walked in the door. He was just a Bible character to me. A Christian was nothing more than a good person who faithfully attended church.

Toward the end of 1974, I was \$335,000 in debt. I had even borrowed money to finance my gambling—and then lost that. Between the pills, the liquor and the health problems, I guess I was just about pickled.

On December 15 I woke up and took a hard look at myself. Before that I had just kept going, going, going. What I tried to avoid was seeing the true me. That morning, however, I couldn't hide from myself. I was totally dejected. Money was my god, and now it had deserted me. Along with it went all my "friends." There was no peace to be found. I had had several automobile wrecks caused by my drinking and had been hospitalized 23 times with gallstones. No health, no money, no friends. A wife who had stayed with me because we had a new baby. Some Christmas season!

Getting in the shower, I tried to work out some kind of deal. A plan came into my mind how I could murder my wife and children and collect their insurance. That should net me about \$250,000 and give me something to work with.

Suddenly I was weeping uncontrollably. How could I possibly think

such thoughts? I was a bad guy, but I just knew I wasn't wicked! I felt filthy all over. Maybe it would help to go into town and buy presents for my family.

Finding an air hockey game my son wanted, I started to pay for it. Three dollars was all I had in my pocket. Again I was crushed. Five or six thousand dollars was what I usually carried with me so that I could set up a bar, throw a party or make an impulsive purchase. With real shame I stealthily paid for my purchases with my credit card. I had really reached the bottom. There seemed no way at all out of my dilemma.

In a daze I drove home, parked the car, put the presents under the tree, looked at the stockings on the fireplace and the pictures of the family and headed for the bedroom, locking myself in. I didn't want to think about anything now. Grabbing the gun and putting the barrel in my mouth, I reached down to push the trigger. I closed my eyes real tight, and when I did, a very bright light came into my eyes. It scared me to death. Something on the back side of the trigger was holding it, and it wouldn't go down. I was aware of a Presence in the room, and somehow I knew it was God. Realizing that my life had been spared through an act of God, I was overcome with embarrassment, and I was shaking like a leaf. Putting the gun down, I ran to the bathroom and splashed cold water over my face so Peggy

wouldn't know I had been crying.

I headed for the office to think about what had happened, and my father came to see me. He had been going to AA for several years, and I figured he would lecture me about drinking. Instead he brought a tape of a talk given at a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting by Judge Kermit Bradford of Atlanta. He asked me to listen to it and give him my opinion. "Well," I thought, "I got off easy that time."

As soon as he left, I put the tape on. The interruptions were endless, but I was intrigued. Judge Bradford talked about peace, and I sure knew I needed some of that. I figured if I could somehow get peace, I could work out all the rest.

Listening to the tape, I was surprised to hear things I had heard years ago in college. One night when we were very drunk, my suitemate and I got into a conversation where I was making jokes about religion. He suddenly sobered and told me not to make fun. He said that it was real, and that he had once been Spirit-filled and talked in tongues. Thinking of my own church, all I could do was laugh. That was the most unbelievable junk I had ever heard.

Yet on this tape, a learned, influential person was saying some of the same things. He quoted Scriptures, and I would stop the tape and look them up. There really was something to this, but I still had no idea how it affected me.

... I put on my two-tone brown leather shoes with the gold dingle-dangles .



Daddy called me up. "There's a meeting of this outfit over in Asheboro Saturday night," he said. "Do you know the Yates brothers?"

When I said I remembered them and that they were rich and influential, Daddy said, "Well, they're in this thing. Do you want to go to the meeting with me?"

Now my eyeballs began to see dollar signs. As an idea man, I was sure that I could come up with some kind of deal with the Yates boys that would get me out of my jam. I agreed to go.

Before the meeting I got all duded

up. I put on my sharkskin britches, my silk shirt and my mink-lined sport coat. I pulled out my two-tone brown patent leather shoes with the gold dingle-dangles on them that I had bought at Caesar's Palace. My fingernails were manicured and painted with clear polish. I made sure I had my gold cigarette case and lighter and some of my cigars. I had the El Dorado with the velour seats and big gangster whitewalls washed and waxed.

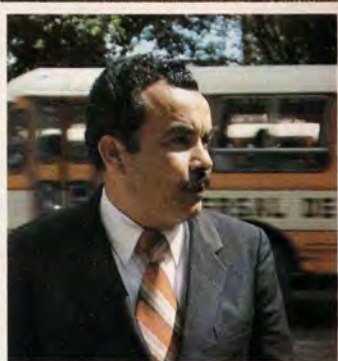
I pulled up right in front of the Sir Robert Inn in Asheboro and parked my Cadillac in the handicapped parking slot. It was the first Saturday night in January, 1975.

It was a startling experience when I walked into that room. *Everybody* was smiling! Surely I had never been with so many people who were that happy. They were all saying "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord." I backed up into a corner and jammed my hands in my pockets. They were also hugging each other, and I wanted no part of that.

After dinner I pulled out my gold cigarette case with matching lighter and looked for an ashtray. Every single one was filled with Sweet 'N Low! Knowing I had to have a cigarette, I headed for the men's room. There was only one stall in that tiny bathroom, but there was no one around but me at the time. I headed in, ready to light up.

Then I remembered what I was wearing. If one of those men from

(Please turn to page 18)



CARLOS MORENO
Bogota, Colombia, SA
(As told to Dean Merrill)



Lord, how can I do what You've sent me to do," I prayed, "when I can't even support my own wife and children?" Samuel, Pablo and Esther played in the yard, their shoeless feet giving evidence of my dilemma.

We had recently moved to Cali, third largest city in Colombia, to evangelize and establish full gospel churches. I faced but one major

problem: money.

We have never had it easy in our ministry—not in the early days in Bogota, the six years in Boyaca, or the three years in Pereira. The churches there had been strong, however, and had managed enough extra to meet our needs. Cali was a different story. There simply weren't enough believers to support the work. We were on our own, and turn-



*Henry Morales at drying "oven"
and grinding spices*

spicemaker

ing to God was my only recourse.

As I meditated on how God would have me handle this situation, I opened my Bible to Proverbs. In chapter 13, verse 23, the Spanish reads, "In the fallow ground of the poor there is much food. . . ." What could the Lord possibly mean, and how could I discover what was my "fallow ground" that would produce food? It was obvious that I needed

the answer since we were barely eating.

Before I rose from prayer that day, God had given me the idea to start a spice-processing business. I could buy the raw materials from the farmers outside Cali, do the grinding, mixing and packaging in my apartment and wholesale the finished product to the grocery

stores. Before studying for the ministry, I had once managed a general store and had gained some retailing knowledge.

Spicemaking, however, was new to me. More than that, I knew I had another obstacle to overcome. My fellow pastors would surely criticize me for getting sidetracked from preaching. Yet I knew that the approach I was taking was biblical. Hadn't the Apostle Paul made tents to support himself when he went into areas where there was no support for him? I must be willing to accept the criticism and follow God's leading.

My pockets yielded 17 pesos—less than one dollar. Yet with that I purchased three pounds of raw garlic and four pounds of flour. I ground them together by hand and set out to call on my first prospective customer.

"I'm opening a new business, and I'd like to supply you with garlic," I announced, showing him my samples.

He looked them over. "What's your price?" he asked.

Actually I hadn't decided in advance on a price. "Fifteen pesos a pound," I quickly announced.

It appeared my price was competitive, and he tried the samples. When I returned to hear his comments, he was not impressed. "Too much corn flour," was his assessment. "You'd better try again."

Crestfallen, I left the store. But after some experimentation at

home, I returned with new samples. After testing another sample, he placed an order for 10 kilograms. My business was underway!

With the first victory gained, I began to experiment with other spices: cinnamon, pepper, sweet basil, nutmeg, saffras. With no inventory but much faith, I put together a price list and made the rounds of hotels and ground-meat factories. My bluff was called when one factory placed an order for 60 kilos of laurel! With a short-term loan, I purchased raw material and filled the order.

***On Sunday the spice
factory workrooms
become a place of
worship for 60
people.***

At the end of two months, I had managed to accrue 15,000 pesos. Although most of the profits were reinvested in the business, we were able to use some of the money to support ourselves. At least now I could afford bus fare to get to the various meetings throughout the city where I was to preach. Churches were being established, evangelistic campaigns were bringing people to Jesus, the sick were being healed and believers were being filled with the Holy Spirit.

Soon the business reached a crossroads. It seemed to be ready for expansion, but further capital was needed. In a country where the unemployment rate was as high as 30 percent, my dream was to expand the business to employ some of my own people. Was there a way?

Two different banks who supposedly were established to help the small businessman turned me down. I decided to contact the Institute for International Development, Inc. in Vienna, Virginia, USA. It was said that this group of Christian businessmen helped believers in Third World countries to establish businesses to support themselves and their churches.

Actually they served as an intermediary between Christians such as myself and those in North America who had capital to help. Through their assistance in planning the expansion of the business and in finding someone willing to lend me \$3,000, we made great strides. We were able to build up inventory, purchase some equipment, branch out into aromatic teas and spices, get a license to sell nationwide, and register the trademark *Alinos el Agrado* (Tasty Condiments).

Today you can find our 22 kinds of spices and 22 teas in a number of cities throughout Colombia. Sales volume is averaging \$3,000 a month. God has abundantly blessed, and we have a young man, Henry Morales, to manage the day-to-day

processing. The business now employs about a dozen people, including a pastor in the city of Armenia who supplements the income from his small church by marketing our spices.

In 1978, I was requested by Panamerican Mission, the group that had sent me to Cali, to become their executive secretary, overseeing 80 pastors and 100 churches all over Colombia. Because the Lord had blessed so abundantly, I was able to accept the position even though they couldn't offer a full salary. The spice business supplies the balance.

On Sunday the spice factory workrooms become a place of worship for 60 people. Henry Morales and his wife lead the group. They push back the tables, set up chairs and bring the message of God's power and love to that neighborhood.

The idea God gave me in 1971 has long since proven itself, and the questioning has stopped. Recently we have begun to rent land to grow our own spices, expanding our operations still further.

My time overseeing the business has been cut to only about five days a month. The balance of my time I am able to devote wholly to the Lord's work. He has proven Himself fully capable of both supplying all our needs and yet still having us available almost full time to spread the Good News of the risen Lord! **To Him be the glory forever!** ■

"SEARCH!"



Major Tri, Commander of Vietnamese Marine Battalion, with John Grinalds

**Death was all around me.
I prayed, "Lord, please
tell me that You're there."**

LT. COL. JOHN GRINALDS, USMC, *Camp Lejeune, NC*

Where did the American Indians come from?" That simple question posed to me by my teacher in fifth grade caused me to set the pattern for my life goals for years to come.

My family had moved to Georgia just days before, and, having never

lived in the South, it was immediately apparent that I was "different." My answer to the question about the Indians brought new respect and admiration to the eyes of those fellows I wanted to like me. Right then I decided to excel in my studies. But more than that, I began



to believe that I could handle any situation that life handed me by striving to be the best, the smartest or the strongest.

The role of super-achiever that I adopted was meant to make me feel good about myself, but in fact it subjected me to the tyranny of the

opinion of my peers. Although the mold was cast in fifth grade, no real changes were made through the years except to make it conform to whatever challenge faced me.

My report cards showed all A's through high school. I was vice-president of my class and my fraternity,

captain of the football team, all-state football player, and colonel of the ROTC regiment at our high school. Continuing my education at West Point, I graduated almost at the top of the class and then received a commission in the Marine Corps, the first marine to come out of West Point since 1814. By this time I was the recipient of a Rhodes scholarship. My next three years were spent in England, and then I returned to the Second Marine Division.

In 1966 I was sent to Vietnam as an adviser to a Vietnamese marine battalion. During the first six months I was there, my battalion of 800 Vietnamese marines was reduced to about 400. Men were killed and maimed all around me, and for the first time in my life I faced the fact that I couldn't control the situation. My intelligence couldn't keep that stray bullet from taking my life.

I remembered the Bible my wife had given me before I left and opened it. She had written in the front, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:5-6). Not having any understanding concerning the Bible, I would read that verse over and over, and then I would turn to the Shepherd Psalm that I had memorized years before. After reading I would pray, "Lord, please tell me that You're there. What's going to happen to me if I'm killed?" That was the question that

**"Lord,
I cannot
handle this.
You must
heal
my son."**



occupied my mind.

After several weeks, Psalm 23:6 suddenly came alive to me: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." I had understood the words before, but now the message was clear. No longer did my mind struggle with whether Jesus was real. He had answered my prayer. He kept me safely through my tour of duty, and I returned to my family.

Still, I hadn't met Him as my personal Saviour. My reliance on Him was limited to those situations I felt I couldn't handle. As long as things were going my way, I didn't "bother" God.

My next desperate plea to God came when my son fell from a diving board and hit the back of his head on the side of a swimming pool. The sound of his head hitting the concrete sickened me. At the hospital we learned that his skull was fractured from ear to ear. My cry to God was simply, "Lord, I cannot handle this. You must heal my son."

The accident happened on Sunday night. On Tuesday he was removed from intensive care, and on Friday we took him home. He had no side effects whatsoever from the accident, but I did.

In quiet moments I would relive that scene and hear the horrible sound of my son's head hitting that concrete. Nausea would grip me, and I would say, "Oh, Lord, thank You for saving his life."

After one of those daytime "nightmares," the Lord spoke these words to my heart: "John, I have given you your son's life. Now you must give Me yours."

Being a good marine, I snapped to attention and said, "Yes, Sir!"

Immediately I thought, "What do You want me to do? Be another Billy Graham? Go to a fine seminary? Leave the military?" That last question puzzled me for some time before I knew I was where God wanted me.

God was leading me gently, and I began to "hunger and thirst after righteousness" as Jesus had mentioned in Matthew 5. For a time He showed me the sin in my life—from many years ago up to the present.

The day came that, as I sat in a pew at church, I had to ask myself, "John Grinalds, what right do you have to eternal life?" Would I answer, "How about my Rhodes scholarship?" Or, "How about the silver star? Or all A's on my report cards?" What could He do but shake His head?

Suddenly it came to me that nothing I could do or offer would close that gap between God and me. His laws are perfect and I am imperfect. I could not make up the difference.

All I could say was, "Father, it is only by the blood of Jesus Christ shed for me that I can claim eternal life in Your kingdom." Further, I prayed, "Lord, You can have it all—the good stuff as well as the bad. I accept You now as my Lord and Saviour." Praise the Lord. He cleansed me and gave me new birth into His kingdom.

The Lord continued to teach me for two years. During that time I had an almost neutral attitude about the



“My wife was certain something awful had happened and asked the hotel manager to check the restroom.”

gifts of the Holy Spirit. My church did not deny the truth of the gifts, but their attitude seemed to be that the Lord would give them to you if He wanted you to have them.

In January, 1976 I was serving at headquarters in Washington, D.C. when I saw an announcement that the Full Gospel people were having a prayer breakfast. What was startling was that the Commandant of the Marine Corps was their speaker. I couldn't believe it. I called his aide

to be sure he knew those folks were “different,” and maybe he would want to let the General know. He didn't seem surprised and suggested that tickets were still available should I desire to attend.

Well, I knew I wasn't going to miss this! Immediately I called for two tickets, and my wife and I made our way to the Washington Hilton ballroom on Saturday morning. There must have been 3,000 people there!

What amazed me was the ability these people had to praise the Lord. Often I had felt spiritually strangled in not being able to express my love to the Lord. It seemed my heart would burst with the desire to praise Him, but I was unable to verbalize how I felt. These people appeared completely free and uninhibited in their worship. Their hands were raised in praise most of the time.

Three weeks later I was at the same hotel for the National Prayer Breakfast. It was a wonderful time, and God's love was in evidence throughout the meeting.

It would be a grand story to say that God filled me with His Spirit as some well-known person prayed for me. What *really* happened, however, took place in the men's room.

As my wife waited in the lobby, I entered the men's room. Seated in a chair was a delegate from Bermuda, a member of Parliament who had come to the Prayer Breakfast. Three men were praying over him that God would heal his leg. The delegate said, "I can't believe it," and he began weeping. His leg had been withered, and the Lord healed it, along with arthritis from which he had suffered for a long time.

About this time a second man walked in, asked what had happened, and then asked for prayer for himself. As I watched, one of the men turned to me and, prompted by the Holy Spirit, asked, "Brother, do you want to receive the blessing of the baptism in the Holy Spirit?"

The healings I had just witnessed

couldn't be denied. That God was real in my own life was without question. Yet my intellect still wanted to hold out. I struggled with the decision. Friends denied the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but my desire was to worship the Lord in the free and uninhibited manner I had witnessed at the FGBMFI meeting two weeks before. I finally gave up. I told the man I was ready. Right there in the men's room, the Lord filled me with His Holy Spirit.

While the brother prayed further with me, the door flew open and the assistant manager of the hotel came in with a worried expression on his face. It seemed that I had been in the men's room for 45 minutes. My wife was certain something awful had happened and had sent him in to check on me!

The years since that day have been growing times. God has shown Himself able to handle any situation in our lives. He has performed miracles of healing, including healing me of arthritis and glaucoma. We have had to learn that times of real growth often come during those difficult times when all we can do is simply trust Him and go on with our lives.

I sincerely believe that God is waiting to work in a supernatural way in all our lives. It has become clear to me that the question is not what I should *do*, but it is a question of what I should *be*. **God is helping me daily to become that man He wants me to be.** ■

THE DEVIL TO PAY

(Continued from page 7)

the meeting came into the room and saw smoke coming out the top of the stall, they would be sure to look down at the feet showing below. My white sharkskin pants and patent leather shoes with the dingle-dangles would not be mistaken. Realizing that it was preposterous to worry about what those fellows would think, I still decided to sit on the back of the toilet so that my feet wouldn't show.

When I went back, they had begun to sing. The song was just one word: "Alleluia, alleluia." It was the sweetest thing I had ever heard—or seen. People were lifting their hands, their faces pointed toward heaven. Some had tears running down their faces, and yet they were wearing this beautiful expression.

The audience was so mixed, too. There were rich, poor, skinny, fat, white and black. That's what threw me. I still had my prejudices. But all were so happy. I really thought I must have died and gone to heaven.

When we got home, I told Peggy that was the best meeting I had ever been to in my life. She asked me what had happened to me.

"I don't have the foggiest idea," I told her, "but I'll never miss another one." Even though I really didn't understand what had happened, I knew that it was good.

After that I followed the meetings. I bought books and tapes and soaked up everything I could. Two

**"Oh, yeah,
I get saved
at every
meeting."**



months later I attended the Washington, D.C. Regional.

It was an exciting time. I couldn't sleep at night for praying and being excited about God. I was so sorry for the way I had lived, and I would cry. I prayed that God would help me out of my troubles. I had tried to reform before, but I knew that it had never worked. Without knowing quite what I needed to do, I certainly recognized that I needed God. It wasn't enough that I had come to the end of myself. I had to come to the Father.

All week long I attended the meetings, knowing that I wanted what these people had. They talked about healing and being filled with the Spirit. I wanted it. I wanted everything God would give me. I just couldn't figure out how to get it. My brother started buying doves and

crosses, and I angrily told him he couldn't wear all those until he became a member.

By Friday night I was in a frenzy. Saturday, March 1, was the last day, and I still hadn't found what I had come for. Something had to happen to me the next day.

A man stood up to speak on Saturday, and he was a black man, Fred Price. And he sounded just like Jesus! He spoke with such authority, I couldn't believe it. After the meeting I stopped a man on the way downstairs.

"Listen," I said. "I've been to two months of meetings, but something still isn't quite right. I don't know what it is, but I'm not like these other folks."

He responded, "Have you been born again?" "What do you mean?" I said. "Have you been saved?"

"Oh, yeah," I said. "I get saved at every meeting."

He patiently explained to me how to be born again, and I quickly hurried away. He said, "Wait, you can be saved right here." But I was certain you had to do it in a meeting.

After several speakers and five hours, the altar call was finally given. I ran down that aisle. And I truly got saved. When I was through weeping, I began to laugh and shout. It had finally happened to me. I was a new creature in Jesus Christ, and I was thrilled. At the same convention my daddy, my brother and the friend who had come with us also got saved. One week later

Peggy was saved at the Raleigh chapter meeting.

The day after Peggy was saved, I was reading Mark 11:24 about praying, believing and receiving. "Lord," I said, "I've got sugar diabetes, high blood pressure and gallstones. I'm praying for You to heal me, I'm believing it, and now I receive it." My theology was simple. I had no doubt that He had healed me, and I called up my doctor that Sunday afternoon for an appointment to check it out.

The next morning at 5:45 I was waiting at the lab door for it to open. I had a glucose tolerance test and a blood pressure test. Both were normal. In fact, although my weight was quite high, the doctor said my blood pressure was average for a man of 130 pounds. X-rays showed no more gallstones. God had healed me completely.

Six weeks later I was filled with the Holy Spirit at the Winston-Salem Regional. The Lord has blessed us so abundantly. Some of the property I owned began to sell, and my debt has been cut down considerably. In 1977 I began to travel for the Lord in evangelistic campaigns, and I have now been around the world five times. I have spoken in 20 countries and have seen thousands saved, healed and filled with the Holy Spirit.

In His mercy He stopped me from pulling the trigger that December day in 1974, and He saved me for a life of peace, joy and happiness.

Praise His name! ■

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.

AUSTRALIA: Launceston, Tasmania Chapter, Hudson Austin 313630. **CANADA:** Ontario, Burlington Chapter, Earl Simpson (416) 637-7013; Bracebridge Chapter, Ostin Bush (705) 687-3284; Niagara Falls Chapter, Mike Radowsky (416) 561-7253; Manitoba Chapter, James Clark, Box 401, The Pas; **Saskatchewan,** Yorkton Chapter, Perry Kirkham (306) 744-2530. **KOREA:** Seoul Chapter, You Han Sup 269-9526. **NEW ZEALAND:** Blenheim Chapter, Noel Webb 88898. **UNITED STATES:** Alabama, Haleyville Chapter, Max Sanders (205) 486-4506; **Arkansas,** Heber Springs Chapter, G.P. Crone (501) 362-8946; **Arizona,** West Yavapai County Chapter, Bagdad, Richard Bangle (602) 633-2907; **California,** Carson Chapter, Milton Jackson, 19107 Northwood; **Florida,** Jacksonville/Westside Chapter, Charles Godwin (904) 771-5308; **Kentucky,** Russellville Chapter, Bill Orndorff (502) 726-6892; **Nebraska,** Ogallala Chapter, Leo Porter (308) 772-4374; **North Dakota,** Breckenridge Chapter, Glen Rogers (701) 642-5908; **New Jersey,** Manahawkin Chapter, Thomas Keenan (609) 494-0048; **Montana,** Glendive Chapter, Robert Moede (406) 365-6928; **Pennsylvania,** Bedford Chapter, William Sanders (814) 623-8796; Central Susquehanna Valley Chapter, Sunbury, Donald Wilkins (717) 286-6442; **Vermont,** Newport Chapter, Gordon Batchelder, Rt. 2, Newport 05855.

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The Three-fold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

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WASHINGTON FOR JESUS



What was it all about?

Why would over 200,000 converge on the nation's capitol?

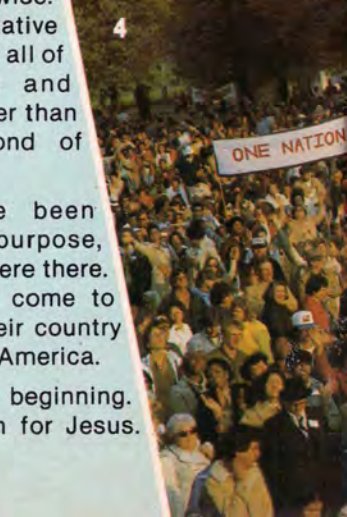
Both their objectives and motives baffled politicians and the press. They were different. There were no demands. This was not a protest. The absence of litter at sunset gave silent witness to the quality of this sea of people who met on the Mall.

There had never been a crowd like this before—Christian or otherwise. This group was more representative of the body of Christ than any in all of our history. Evangelicals and charismatics, in greater number than ever before, enjoyed a bond of fellowship in Jesus.

While others may have been uncertain as to their purpose, Christians knew why they were there. They loved God and had come to praise Him. They loved their country and had come to pray for America.

Washington is just the beginning. Next, London and Berlin for Jesus. And then?

2





(1) Demos Shakarian encourages unity among believers. (2) Capitol dome towers over masses. (3) Pastor John Gimenez of Rock Church, Virginia Beach, to whom God first gave the vision for Washington for Jesus. (4) Marching for Jesus. (5) Canton, Ohio FGBMFI members Jim Reese and wife Wilma, John North and Larry Jones. (6) Pat Robertson and Demos at speaker's platform. (7) Cops for Christ. (8) Senator John Glenn of Ohio receives FGBMFI Director Cosmo de Bartolo.

(Photos by Susan and Jim Foust)



**My wife and I
were swept up
into the cocktail
party circuit,
and terrible
consequences
followed.**



a new heart

DR. DOUG FOWLER
*International Director
Neptune Beach, Florida*

It was time. I knew it, and I wondered how on earth I could fulfill those lofty goals I had set for myself.

Medical school was over. My practice was well underway. Yet I knew that I was falling far short of being able to offer any real help to my fellow men. That had been my ambition, my reason for entering medical school. I had to do something about it—now.

Although I was sewing up wounds and administering healing touches to physical needs, people were leaving my office with their deeper needs unmet. Realizing that so many were hungry for more than physical wholeness, I searched my own resources for answers.

As a teenager I had given my heart to the Lord. My background had been solid in a churchgoing family in Louisiana. My faith in God was strong concerning my own salvation and destination for eternity. It was obvious, though, that there wasn't much for the world to see in me that was Christlike. I was almost helpless in communicating my faith.

Before long my wife and I were swept up into the cocktail party circuit with other doctors and professional people. It was exciting to feel

that we were part of the elite in town. We were soon caught in a seemingly endless current of parties and pleasure living. The pressures of that kind of life swept into our home, and it began to degenerate and collapse around us. My wife was not a Christian, and I had no power to help her. We both eventually turned to liquor and pills to try to find some peace.

About this time my little mother-in-law in South Arkansas began attending some bootleg Holy Ghost meetings, and she began sending us a little magazine called VOICE. We read those magazines, but then we really were too sophisticated to actually believe what we read there. "We don't need that kind of stuff," we would tell each other.

Yet when we really got to the end of our rope, we wanted someone who believed that "stuff" to pray for us. Sue became quite ill with pneumonia, and she was physically and mentally ready to give up. "I'm here to die," she announced. "I'll not come out of this room ever again."

It was crisis time, and I called Sue's mother. She walked into our home and said, "Sue, you need Jesus. When you get desperate enough, He's going to be there to meet you."

She was right, too. She stayed several days and then went home. After she left, Sue finally got desperate enough. She knelt beside her bed, repented and asked Jesus to come into her life. The Lord



"Mother, you haven't asked Jesus to heal me."

appeared to her as a bright light and told her, "Your sins are forgiven. You are free."

Many of the turmoil situations in our home began to settle down. Then Sue decided to visit her mother. While she was there, she visited one of the Holy Ghost meetings with her mother. Later someone prayed with her, and she received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Sue is a crusader, and her cause was now established. She blazed a trail through South Arkansas and North Louisiana and offended all her family and mine. She may not have known the best ways to witness, but her fire was certainly convincing.

I told her at first that she was crazy. Yet something within me was reaching toward this new power she exhibited. Finally I said, "If what you are telling me is scriptural, then I know that one day I'll have to answer to God for rejecting it. I must find out if what you are saying is true. Right now, I'm ignorant."

God worked it out for me for the next few days to have some free time. I read the New Testament. My church background had "vaccinated" me. It seemed that I had just enough churchianity to prevent me from getting more. When the real thing came along, it was hard for me to "catch" it. It was several weeks before I could see through the prejudices and doctrines I had learned to the truth of God's Word.

My excuses were very ordinary, although I was sure they were quite good. My first was that I was really glad my wife had had the experience. She needed it! Then I began to say that if God wanted me to have the Holy Spirit, He would send Him to me. Of course that is one of the devil's biggest deceptions. The Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost, and He has never left.

Little by little I was changing, but somehow I just couldn't quite make the decision to wholly accept that this Holy Spirit was for me. Finally, as I was driving along in my automobile one day, the Lord spoke to my heart.

"Doug, I'm offering you something from My Word, and you are refusing it. I am going to spew you out of My mouth."

A cold chill went over me. "God," I said, "if those are the terms for Your power, then You're fixing to get some of those tongues." I opened my mouth and began to make sounds. Soon the Holy Spirit gave me His language. In those few moments God showed me that my tongue was like a dam in front of a river. The water running over a natural dam through generators produced electrical power. I would receive spiritual power from letting the "rivers of Living Water" pour from me.

As a physician, I have now learned how to let the river of God flow out of me every single day. I can operate on someone and make

an incision, but if the Lord doesn't make the flesh grow back together, then I'm in trouble. In the same way, I can dig into a heart and expose troubled areas, but Jesus must do the healing.

Driving home that day, I thought maybe I would just keep my baptism in the Holy Spirit my little secret. As I walked in the door, however, Sue looked at me and said, "You've been speaking in tongues!"

Jesus invaded our home and our lives with a demonstration of power. He began to show us His ways, and to teach us to share those ways with others. He helped us to become bold in our witnessing to minister to the needs of others.

We learned that Jesus is in the healing business today just as He was when He walked the earth. Our little daughter Susie had an incurable lung condition. She had had every type of medication and treatment available, but she still coughed and wheezed continually. When she was about five years old, she came up to Sue and said, "Mother, you haven't asked Jesus to heal me." We knew it was God's time. We prayed, she coughed once, and she has been a normal, healthy child ever since.

My practice is no longer the same. Now I have six or seven Spirit-filled nurses and technicians. We play gospel music on the intercom, and we have plenty of Bibles available while people wait. We don't push people, but we let them know we care and that we are

available to minister in areas other than medicine.

Not long ago I was treating a lady when she began to cry. She told me that her husband had a serious heart condition, and the doctor feared that he was near death. I told her that Jesus was the only One who could create a new heart for her husband. After we shared a little, I invited her and her husband to our next Full Gospel Business Men's chapter meeting. At the meeting he was prayed for and anointed with oil. The following week he checked into the hospital and went through the cardiac catheterization series and other tests. Later the cardiologist told him, "I don't know what was going on with you last week, but you've got a new heart!" Praise God.

The Lord is so good to us, and He is more than able to take care of us. He has delivered us from impossible situations such as the time we were in Jonesboro, Arkansas when a tornado hit. My wife was in the hotel, and I was with my father in a little restaurant. Neither building was destroyed, although almost every other building in that section of the city was leveled. Lying on the floor in that little restaurant with the storm raging, I began to praise the Lord. Four waitresses were saved right there in the middle of the tornado. God can turn any situation into good if we trust Him.

In Romans 8:28 we read, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God. . . ."

Praise the Lord. ■

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

1. **ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

2. **REPENT:** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

3. **CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

4. **FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

5. **BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

6. **RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12).

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

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Full Gospel Business Men's **VOICE**

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